i. A Righ

ii. A Bhanrigh

iii. The Spell-Games

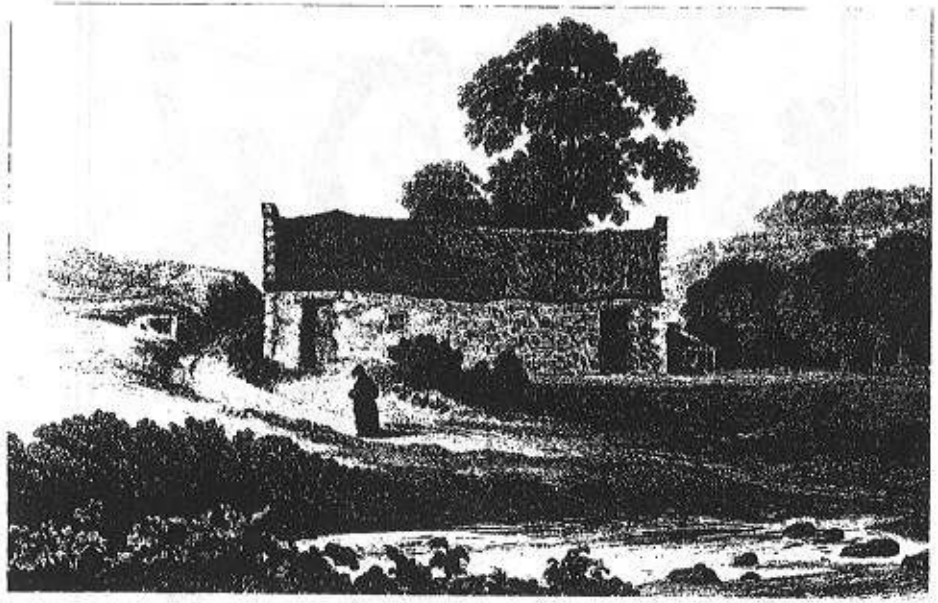
iv. The Glaive of Light

v. The Splendour of Victory

vi. The Gruagach

vii. King of the Oak Windows

Lochdrannadh



Casaidh Ruadh

The young king of Easaidh Ruadh, after he got the heirship to himself, was at much merry making, looking out what would suit him, and what would come into his humour. There was a GRUAGACH near his dwelling, who was called Gruagach carsalach donn ("the brown curly long-haired one").

...

He reached the Gruagach, he blessed the Gruagach, and the Gruagach blessed him. Said, the Gruagach to him, "Oh young king of Easaidh Ruadh, what brought thee to me to-day? Wilt thou game with me?" They began and they played the game. The king won. "Lift the stake of thy gaming so that I may get (leave) to be moving." "The stake of my gaming is to give me the cropped rough-skinned girl thou hast behind the door." "Many a fair woman have I within besides her," said the Gruagach. "I will take none but that one."

...

He reached the house, and he went to rest. If it was early that the day arose, it was earlier than that that the king arose to go to game with the Gruagach. "I must absolutely go to game against the Gruagach to-day," said he to his wife.

...

The stake of my play is," said he, "that I lay it as crosses and as spells on thee, and as the defect of the year, that the cropped rough-skinned creature, more uncouth and unworthy than thou thyself, should take thy head, and thy neck, and thy life's look off, if thou dost not get for Me the GLAIVE OF LIGHT..."

...

They came home and they set in order a "Cuirm Curaidh Cridheil" a hearty hero's feast, and they were lucky and well pleased after that.

...

The Gruagach gave his head a lift to look at the sword; the King was sharp and quick, he thrust the sword, and the Gruagach fell down dead.

...

He set out on his journey, and it was not dreary to be on the dun steed. She would catch the swift March wind that would be before, and the swift March wind would not catch her. They came at the mouth of dusk and lateness, to the court and castle of the king of the oak windows...